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EMMA DALE.

COMPOSED BY

J. P. Temple,

ARRANGED FOR THE

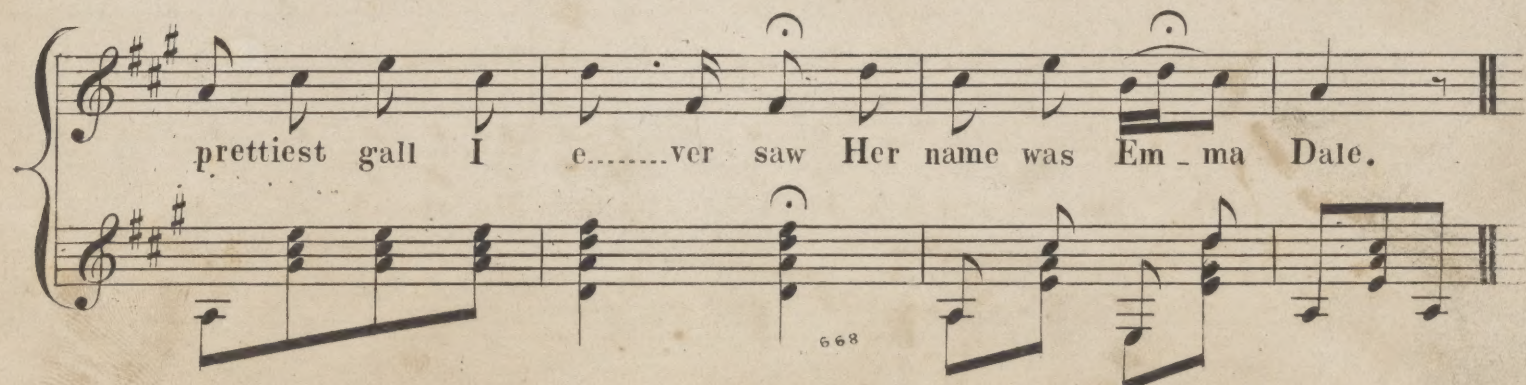
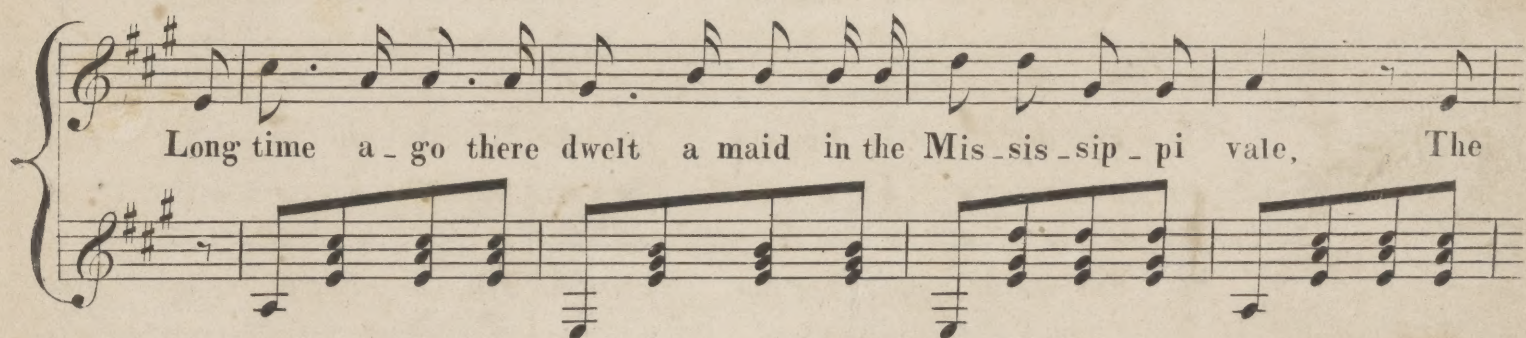
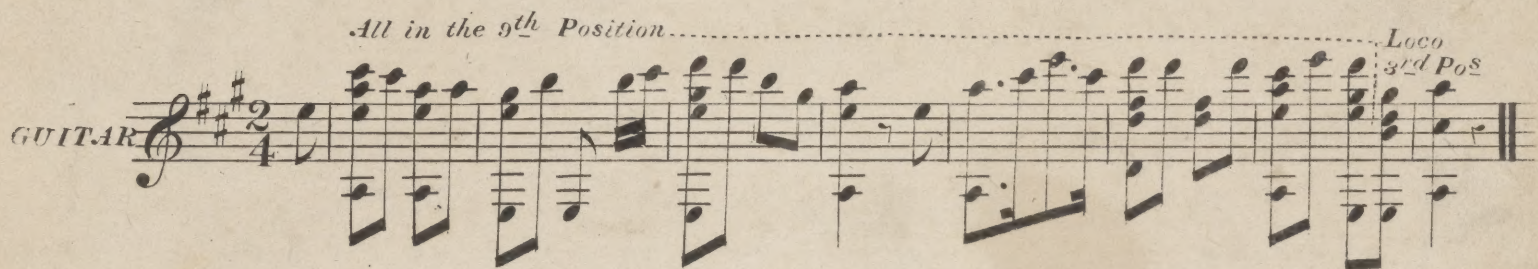
GUITAR,

BY

THOMAS J. MARLEN.

New Orleans, WM T. MAYO.

New York, FIRTH, POND & CO.



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DUETT.

1st SOPRA^{no} Oh Em - ma dear, dear Em - ma, From the Mis - sis - sip - pi vale; In

2nd SOPRA^{no} Oh Em - ma dear, dear Em - ma, From the Mis - sis - sip - pi vale; In

GUITAR

all the wide world o.....ver There's none like Em - ma Date. *Long*

all the wide world o.....ver There's none like Em - ma Date. *Long*

GUITAR

CHORUS.

1st SOPRANO. Oh Em - ma dear dear Em - ma, From the Mis - sis - sip - pi vale; In

2nd SOPRANO. Oh Em - ma dear dear Em - ma, From the Mis - sis - sip - pi vale; In

ALTO. Oh Em - ma dear dear Em - ma, From the Mis - sis - sip - pi vale; In

TENOR. Oh Em - ma dear dear Em - ma, From the Mis - sis - sip - pi vale; In

BASS. O Em - ma dear dear Em - ma, From the Mis - sis - sip - pi vale; In

GUITAR.

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all this wide world o-ver, There's none like Em-ma Dale. *Long*

all this wide world o-ver, There's none like Em-ma Dale.

all this wid world o-ver, There's none like Em-ma Dale.

all this wide world o-ver, There's none like Em-ma Dale.

all this wide world o-ver, There's none like Em-ma Dale.

2 The moon and stars were shining bright, I took her hand within my own,
 The night when first we met;
 'Twas there I told that lovely girl; A tear was in her eye;
 I never could forget. I asked her if she would be mine;
 Her answer was a sigh.

4 I thought that we could never part,
 That nought would e'er assail;
 But death alas! did take away:
 My own dear Emma Dale *Long*

